

From "Household Words."

Thief-Taking in London.

Your wife discovers on retiring for the night that her drawers are void; her toilet-table is bare; except the ornaments she wears, her beauty is as unadorned as that of a Quakeress; not a thing is left, all the fond tokens you gave her, when her praiseworthy love, and your own miniature, with its setting of gold and brilliants; her late mother's diamonds; the bracelets "dear papa" presented on her last birthday; the top of every bottle in the dressing-case brought from Paris by Uncle John, at the risk of his life, in February, 1818, (being gold), are off—but the bottles (being glass) remain. Every valuable is swept away by the most discriminating villain; for no other thing in the chamber has been touched; not a chair has been moved; the costly pendule on the chimney piece still ticks; the ottoman apartment is as neat and trim as when it had received the last finishing touch of the housemaid's duster. The entire establishment runs frantically up stairs and down stairs; and finally congregates in my lady's chamber. Nobody knows anything whatever about it; yet everybody offers a suggestion, although they have not an idea who ever did it. The housemaid bursts into tears; the cook declares she thinks she is going into hysterics; and at last suggests sending for the police; which is taken as a suspicion of an insult on the whole assembled household, and they descend into the lower regions of the house in the sulks.

X 40 arrives. His face betrays sheepishness combined with mystery. He turns his bull's eyes into every corner of the passage, and upon every countenance on the premises. He examines all the locks, bolts and bars, bestowing extra diligence on those which inclosed the stolen treasures. These he declares have been "violated," thus concealing intimating, without quoting Pope, that there has been more than one "rape of the lock." He then notes the non-disturbance of other valuables; takes you solemnly aside, darkens his lantern, and asks, in a mysterious whisper, if you suspect any of your servants, which implies that he does. He then examines the upper bed rooms, and, in the room of the female servants, he discovers the least valuable of the rings, and a cast-off silver toothpick between the mattresses. You have every confidence in your maids; but what can you think? You suggest their safe custody, but your wife intercedes, and the policeman would prefer speaking to his inspector before he looks anybody up.

Had the whole matter remained in the hands of X 40, it is possible that your whole troubles would have lasted till now. A train of legal proceedings—actions for defamation of character and suits for damages—would have followed, costing more than the value of the jewels, together with the entire exorcism of all our neighbors and every private friend of our domestics. But, happily, the Inspector promptly sends a plain, earnest-looking man, who announces himself as one of the two detectives of the X division. He retells the whole matter in ten minutes. His examination is ended in five. As a connoisseur can determine the painter of a picture at the first glance, or a wine taster the precise vintage of a sherry by the merest sip, so the detective at once pounces upon the authors of the work of art under consideration by the style of performance; if not upon the precise execcutant, upon the "school" to which he belongs.

Having finished the toilette branch of the inquiry, he takes a short view of the parpet of your house, and makes an equal cursory investigation of the attic window fastenings. His mind is made up, and most likely he will address you in these words:

"All right, sir. This is done by one of the Dancing School."

"Impossible!" exclaims your plundered partner. "Why, our children go to Monsieur Pettitoe, of No. 81, and I assure you he is a highly respectable professor. As to his pupils I—"

The detective smiles and interrupts. "Dancers," he tells her, "is a name given to the sort of burglars by whom you have been robbed; and every branch of the thieving profession is divided into clans, which are termed 'schools.'"

From No. 82 to the end of the street the houses are unfinished. The thief made his way to the top of one of these, and crawled to your garret."

"But we are twenty houses distant, and why did he not favor one of our neighbors?" you will ask.

"Neither their uppermost stories are not so practicable, or the ladies have not so valuable jewels."

"But how did the thieves know that?"

"By watching and inquiring. The affair may have been in preparation for more than a month. Your house has been watched—your habits ascertained. They have found out when you dine—how long you remain in the dining room. A day is selected, while you are busy dining, and the servants waiting on you—the thing is done. Previously many journeys have been made over the roofs to find the best means of entering your house. The attic is chosen; the robber gets in and creeps noiselessly, or dances in the place to be robbed."

"Is there any chance of recovering our property?" you ask anxiously, seeing the whole matter at a glance.

"I hope so. I have sent some brother officers to watch the Fences' houses."

"Fences?"

"Fences," explains the detective in reply to your innocent wife's inquiry, "are purchasers of stolen goods. Your jewels will soon be forced out of their settings, and the gold melted."

A suppressed scream.

"We shall see, if at this unusual hour of the night there is any bustle in or near any of these places; if any smoke is coming out of any of their furnaces, where the melting takes place, I shall go and seek out the precise garretkeeper—that another name these plunderers give themselves—who I suspect. By his trying to sell your domestics, by placing the ring and toothpick in their bed, I think I know the man."

The next morning you find all these suppositions verified. The detective calls, and obliges you at breakfast (after a sleepless night) with a complete list of the stolen articles, and produces some of them for identification. In three months your wife gets nearly every article back, except some of the gold; her "damsel" innocence is fully established, and the thief is taken from his "school," to spend a long holiday in a penal colony.

Sometimes they are called upon to investigate robberies so executed that no human sympathy appears, to ordinary observers,

capable of finding the thief. The robbers have left no trail, and a trace. Every clue seems cut off but the experience of a detective guides him into the tracks invisible to other eyes. Not long since, a trunk was rifled at a fashionable hotel. The thief was so managed that no suspicion could rest on any one. The detective sergeant, who had been sent for, fairly owned, after making a minute examination, that he could afford no hope of elucidating the mystery. As he was leaving the bedroom, however, in which the plundered portmanteau stood, he picked up an ordinary shirt button from the carpet. He silently compared it with those on the shirts which the thief had left behind in the trunk. It did not match them. He said nothing, but hung about the hotel for the rest of the day. Had he been narrowly watched he would have been set down for an eccentric critic of linen.

He was looking out for a shirt front or wristband with a button. His search was long and patient, but at length it was rewarded. One of the inmates in the house showed a deficiency in his dress, which no one but a detective would have noticed. He looked as narrowly as he dared at the pattern of the remaining buttons. It corresponded with that of the little tell tale he had picked up.

He went deeper into the subject, got a trace of some of the stolen property, ascertained a connection between it and the suspected person, confronted him with the owner of the trunk, and finally succeeded in convicting him of the theft. At another hotel robbery, the blade of a knife, broken in the lock of a portmanteau, formed the clue. The detective employed in that case was for some time indoligable in seeking out knives with broken blades. At length he found one belonging to an underwaiter, who proved to be the thief.

A Beautiful Extract.

The following extract is from a letter which was written upon the death of a child: It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning—many went yesterday, more to-day, and there are dews to be shed for the departures of to-morrow. And can it be wonderful that pleasant summer mornings should beguile them into going? Is it a marvel they do not wait for the burden and the noon, but follow the lark and her song over the ruin of the rainbow? That those words so beautiful, they should make so true, "and joy cometh in the morning?"

Going in the morning!—a glorious morning—when the sky is all beauty, and the world is all bliss, ere the dews have gone to Heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing, and the flowers are out that will be shed at noon; and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows inlaid with crimson lie away to the west.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin like a casket for jewels, all along by itself in a huge house, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown, and we have thought, not so would we accompany those a little way who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently upon their laps, the sleeper lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears in such a going—in the early morning from home to home—like fair, white doves with downy wings emerging from neither night and fluttering for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never yet has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon those little faces, it never seemed as if that death could place its great seal; there is no thought of the charmed hour in those young listeners to that invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be no mourning songs and not sighs; fresh flowers and not badges of mourning; no tears or clouds; but bright dews and bright dawns together.

Fold up the white robe, lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unexpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the garment of the harp of gold, and of the fair bow within its diamond of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old. An eternal, guiding child, waiting about the threshold of Paradise for the coming of a friend from home.

Here the glad lights quiver with anguish; the bright curls grow grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old; but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning.

The poet tells us of a green bough rent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rudely along the breast of an angry river, and a mother bird with cries of grief flitting beside it, for her nest and nestlings were there. Oh! better to be waited away from earth, than thus that they should drift around the world in storm.

When children turn immortal, we should write:

"Gone is the morning,

"And there is no night there."

ANIMALS—HOW THEY COOL OFF.

Every observing farmer knows that men and horses are the only animals that have double means of refrigeration, and all other and no other beings sweat like men and horses, and therefore cannot cool themselves by perspiring through the skin. This will be found true throughout the whole range of comparative anatomy, and applies to the largest as well as the smallest beings. All the thick-skinned animals, except the horse, have no powers in the skin to exhale heat by perspiration, it being only a secretory surface. All the elephant species, including those with t and toes rounded and unprovided with claws, the rhinoceros, elephant, bison, mammoth, mastodon, buffalo, ox, swine, deer, the lion, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, squirrel, dormouse, opossum, racoon, all like the dog, have no means of cooling themselves when heated, except through the medium of respiration. Thus the ox, when very hot, thrusts out his tongue, and pants to exhale the heat generated by exercise, and if driven without time allowed for this, will die with the heat that accumulates within him. Hogs of ten die when driven too fast, because they cannot part with the general heat.

PROSPERITY OF CUBA.—Cuba is advancing in population and all other sources of wealth. It is calculated that the present population of the island is 1,168,000, of which nearly 550,000 are white inhabitants, 180,000 free colored, 40,000 slaves, and 38,000 Asiatics and Indians. The sugar estates are immensely productive. Twenty-three of the principal plantations, comprising about 100,000 acres of land and 10,175 slaves, besides buildings, machinery, &c., are valued at nearly \$15,000,000.

It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is often a great deal more than the body in value, and full five times as much in circumference.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague said the severest thing ever uttered by her sex: "It goes far to reconcile me to being a woman—the reflection that by no possibility shall I ever marry one."

HUMOROUS.

"I blush for you," as the rouge pot said to the old maid.

It is much to be feared that "the glass of fashion" is the wine-glass.

It is a misfortune for a man to have a crooked nose, for he has to follow it.

Those always absent in company should always be absent from it.

A miser undertakes to make the most of everything, by making no use at all of anything.

"Custom invariably lessens admiration." Not invariably. Ask the shop-keepers.

Why is the letter like a sewing-machine? Because it makes needles needless.

Why are Presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with Vices.

Fast youths are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

A Frenchman, wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" "Ours stands on the mantel piece, right again the plastering."

"Business is the salt of life." Very likely. But who wants salt for a perpetual diet?

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

Probably the reason why so little was written in the Dark Ages, was that people couldn't see to write.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry a lightning rod to attract trouble.

A total abstainer may be said to be at all times well supplied; while the toper, on the contrary, "lets well alone."

If you turn away from worthy men because they are humbly clad, they may boast that you cut their coats and pantaloons.

"A burden which one chooses is not felt." We once chose a burdensome hat, which, in spite of our volition, was "felt."

FACT.—If a man's Aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will Miss Fire in the next.

An eminent tectatolator would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition, that he should be taken in water colors.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Mr.ried, last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb."

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's sent to me," replied the other.

"Is that sage cheese of a reflective turn?" asked Dr. Spooner of the provision dealer. "No sir; not a mite," was the reply.

A pleasant and cheerful mind sometimes grows upon an old and worn out body, like mistletoe upon a dead tree.

What is that which every man can divide, but no man can see where it has been divided? Water.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid animals, but it always dies game!" Why shouldn't it, when it is made gamef.

Ridicule has shafts, and impertinence arrows, which, though against innocence they may be levelled in vain, have always the power of wounding tranquility.

You can easily keep yourself tough on the winter from freezing, by getting continually into hot water with your neighbors.

We were considerably amused by an account we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six men upon the ground, and six misses.

The most ignorant empiric can do the greatest harm, when the most scientific physician may be unable to do us the slightest good.

A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in a form of an A. Union.

The young woman who ate a dozen peaches, three raw tomatoes, and a half pint of plums, within half a day, says she knows fruit ain't wholesome.

In a speech on behalf of a blind asylum an English orator gravely remarked: "If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

There is a lawyer so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have its due.

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

"I think, wife, that you have a great many ways of calling me a fool." "I think, husband, that you have a great many ways of being one."

Pope says: "A man should never be ashamed that he has been in the wrong; which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

It was rumored that Nidon had also been destroyed, and twenty-five hundred Christians massacred. The defence of Zarich was heroic.

They must dress cool in Lafayette, Indiana. A young woman, on being asked if she intended to wear that finger ring to church, said she did not intend to wear "anything else."

After a clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, exclaiming: "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"

Here is a startling picture of a mischief-maker: A tall ladder leaning against a house, a "nigger" at the top, and a hog scratching himself against the bottom.

"G way—g way dar! You'm makin' mischief!"

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand and receives her father's foot!

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NEWS! NEWS!

GRAND STATE LOTTERY.

GEORGIA STATE LOTTERY.

McKINNEY & CO., MANAGERS.

25,828 Prizes!!

MORE THAN ONE PRIZE TO EVERY TWO TICKETS!!

CAPITAL PRIZE \$60,000!

Tickets Only \$10.

Halves, Quarters and Eighths in Proportion. To be drawn each Saturday in 1860, in the city of Savannah, Georgia.

Class 83, to be drawn August 4, 1860.

Class 84, to be drawn August 11, 1860.

Class 85, to be drawn August 18, 1860.

Class 86, to be drawn August 25, 1860.

MAGNIFICENT SCHEME.

1 Prize of	\$60,000 is	\$60,000
1 "	20,000 "	20,000
1 "	10,000 "	10,000
1 "	5,000 "	5,000
1 "	4,000 "	4,000
1 "	3,000 "	3,000
1 "	2,000 "	2,000
1 "	1,000 "	1,000
1 "	1,000 are	5,000
10 "	500 are	5,000
2 "	300 are	800
2 "	200 are	600
50 "	150 are	7,500
100 "	100 are	10,000
100 "	95 are	9,500
100 "	85 are	8,500

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

25,828 Prizes amounting to \$212,140

WILL BE DRAWN THIS MONTH.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

Certificate of Packages 10 Whole Tickets \$50

" " " 10 Half " 30

" " " 10 Quarter " 15

" " " 10 Eighth " 7.50

LOOK AT THIS!

SPLENDID DRAWING.

ON THE THREE NUMBER PLAN!

Which takes place every Wednesday and Saturday in 1860.

1 Capital prize of : : : \$23,000

1 Prize of : : : 4,000

1 Prize of : : : 4,000

1 Prize of : : : 3,000

10 Prizes of 175 are : : : 1,750

40 Prizes of 175 are : : : 7,000

50 Prizes of 125 are : : : 6,250

250 Prizes of 80 are : : : 20,000

64 Prizes of 50 are : : : 3,200

64 Prizes of 30 are : : : 1,920

64 Prizes of 20 are : : : 1,280

5,632 Prizes of 10 are : : : 56,320

25,824 Prizes of 5 are : : : 129,120

WHOLE TICKETS \$5. SHARES IN PROPORTION.

IN ORDERING TICKETS OR CERTIFICATES.

Enclose the money to our address for the tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.

The list of drawn numbers and prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

All communications strictly confidential.

Orders for Tickets or Certificates, by Mail or Express, to be directed to

McKINNEY & CO., Savannah, Ga.

August 9 19 19 19

WOOD, EDDY & CO.

GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE

\$70,000!!

Wo d. Eddy & Co., Managers

The Managers' Office is located at Wilmington, Delaware, and St. Louis, Missouri.

The following is a list of the prizes to be drawn in public, under the supervision of the State of Missouri, commencing on the 1st of August, 1860.

Wood, Eddy & Co's Lottery.

CLASS NO. 358.

Draws on Saturday, July 28, 1860.

78 NUMBERS—13 DRAWN BALLOTS.

GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$70,000!!

1 Prize of \$60,000 10 Prizes of \$1,000

1 " 18,750 10 " 600

1 " 10,000 10 " 125

1 " 6,000 10 " 100

1 " 3,000 10 " 75

1 " 2,500 10 " 50

1 " 2,500 10 " 40

1 " 2,500 10 " 20

22,396 Prizes amounting to \$1,471,950

Whole Tickets \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Eighths \$2.50

NEARLY 1 PRIZE TO EVERY 2 TICKETS!!

Certificates of packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

Certificate of package of 20 whole tickets \$200.00

" " " 20 half " 100.00

" " " 20 quarter " 50.00

" " " 20 eighth " 25.00

SPLENDID SCHEME!

TO BE DRAWN

EACH WEDNESDAY IN JULY.

Class 328 draws on Wednesday, July 11, 1860.

Class 340 draws on Wednesday, July 18, 1860.

Class 352 draws on Wednesday, July 25, 1860.

NEARLY ONE PRIZE TO EVERY TWO TICKETS!!

CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$37,500.

1 Prize of \$18,750 217 " 250

1 " 7,500 65 " 100

1 " 5,000 65 " 80

1 " 2,500 65 " 40

1 " 1,000 65 " 30

1 " 500 1,743 " 30

25 " 300 27,040 " 10

22,396 Prizes Amounting to \$589,285

Certificates of packages in the above drawing will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

Certificate of packages of 5 whole tickets \$187.50

" " " 5 half " 93.75

" " " 5 quarter " 46.87

" " " 5 eighth " 23.43

Enclose the amount of money to the lotteries for what you wish to purchase, name the Lottery in which you wish it invested, and when you wish it to be drawn, and it will be ordered by first mail, together with the scheme.

Immediately after the drawing, a printed drawing, certified to by the Commissioners, will be sent, with an explanation.

Purchasers will please write their names, names